

Even's Price.
Let me love you once and die—
For the world is full of woe,
And the world is full of woe,
Then the sun goes over the sky—
Let her love you once and die.
Let us live but a short time,
Let us dream but a few hours,
World-forgiven in a land,
Had a kiss and a smile,
Let me love you once and die!
Duty's wife's cool and high;
I am weary of the world,
And my soul has but one cry—
Let me love you once and die!

A Counterfeit Presentment.

One night we were sitting in our mining cabin, discussing the news and a rise of price of gold and silver. I had a commercial presentment in the will this day, and, having found it, the best-paying of my routes, I often returned to it, so that it had become generally well acquainted with the gold miners' "Skins and Furs."

This camp was one of the richest of the Pacific Coast, and on the whole the miners the most honest had yet seen with it. I was not, however, more of a peeler than a legitimate drifter, and was always made very welcome at the camp. It was supplied with many of the necessities of life.

The next evening, after a while, turned on the inevitable Chinese question, and the indignation against the skinned-sword was becoming boisterous, when I threw in my word to the effect:

"My man is the swindler, warden and barker of the Flat—little, good-natured, cunning Calico—whose 'sheys' were always finding their way to him, and had made himself very welcome in the camp."

One morning, another, of more or less value, would mysteriously disappear from the camp never to return, but no amateur could detect any fault in the fastidious presentation of his "skins."

We had another chit-chat, who affected as cook. Hovey knew what his real name was, but in camp he was always called Gin Sling, and he answered to the name as readily as his last name.

He was the opposite to Hay Lee both in appearance and disposition. He was a brutal man, a gigantic frame, and the wicked expression on the ugliest face I had ever seen.

I had none of the shyness of his companion, but asserted himself on all occasions; and as he had shown the most desperate bravery in the numerous drunken battles of the Flat, he was regarded as a true hero by his countrymen. However, as he was indeed a swindler satisfied with little pay, he "filled the bills" for Simon Fraser.

A few days before that on which my presentment came, I had an interview with Gin Sling, in which I was strongly irritated to each a degree that I struck him in the face. He drew his long knife, and I should soon have been beyond possibility of striking any one again, when instantaneously recalled to my mind the names of the men in the hands of the miners who had stood by listening to me.

I was a favorite with them, and as Gin looked about him, he gazed into barrels of the shooting-iron, all leveled with impudent sneers at various parts of his body.

Gin replaced his knife in his belt, gave me one look which I shall never forget, and walked quietly away.

For two or three succeeding days I ate little of him, and he seemed to avoid me. So I tried to laugh, even to myself, the apprehension I always felt.

"I tell ye," remarked Noll Blake, a highly educated man, "that the flat 'Wai—that that there Hay Lee was—when all our farts is gone—that's disappeared so quick. Caneyman he pooh long fingers."

"Why don't you ban it on Gin Sling, then?" I asked.

"I've been waiting to do that," said the sharp-eyed scoundrel. "Don't tell me about Chaynes havin' it? If you want an end-out-and-end out, what is there to it? I had just reached the bottom of the gill, and was calculating the steepness of the ascent on the other side, when some big long snake sprang out from the rock, and left, and my men were plain to my side."

The next moment I was buried half in the saddle to the ground, and my feet were tied. I am Gin Sling standing before me, with a long iron bar and a heel of satisfaction on his brutal face.

I had been hanged, and my horse was standing near me, looking about with a benumbed air. I had no hope now. I merely ejaculated a prayer as I lay on the ground, and composed myself for death.

Gin appraised, grinding his teeth and muttering to himself, in Chinese. But now from the same wood came forth no less a person than Hay Lee himself. When he had released me, I fell upon his neck, exclaiming:

"Hay, you have saved me!"

"I am sorry to say that I took him off his back, but he stuck his head, and I cut off his neck," said the scoundrel.

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standing near me, looking about with a benumbed air. I had no hope now. I merely ejaculated a prayer as I lay on the ground, and composed myself for death.

Hay Lee, however, was a man of iron.

"Well, all of them is swindlers, and I'm going back to Frisco to find the fellow as gin," Old Nolans told me, "but I'll be back to the side of the flat, and to the front of it, first. I picked them up. This made it safe."

"You can keep 'em if you want 'em."

"Why, Tim," I rejoined, "there's exactly two hundred here."

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MARSHFIELD.

Mr. A. F. Adams recently from Danvers, "a widower gentle-man and an extensive farmer, purchased the Clapp farm some six weeks ago, is making a carriage way from his house to the street, which will be a great convenience. A few more such men should locate in Marshfield."

The cut of Daniel Webster, which was given in the first issue of the *MAIT*, is said to have been a better representation of the learned statesman than the one exhibited at the tomb, last week.

The Flower Mission Circle held one of their beautiful exhibitions at the Congregational Chapel, on Thursday evening of this week.

Mrs. L. P. Hatch is still a sufferer from the accident that befell her last week.

In the westerly part of Marshfield, some miles back from the sea shore, there are several contiguous farms where in years past remarkable specimens of variegated quofoles and other shell fish have been discovered while digging wells, at quite a depth. This has been notably the case on the Farms of Luke Wardsworth, Ezekiel Paine and John Chandler. This is rather a famous section also for quartz, crystals and other interesting geological formations as well as for Indian relics.

S. B. Chandler, Esq., the well known Marshfield blacksmith and mill owner has taken his two sons Herbert and Elsworth into equal partnership, so that the business will hereafter be carried on by S. B. Chandler and Sons.

DEATH OF AN OLD QUAIL. Ezekiel Paine's quail, a household pet for nearly twelve years, recently died. The books do not credit this bird with living more than seven years. This pet quail was a very brainy bird and had been taught to closely imitate the voice of the family cat.

Edward C. Sherman, who is a member of the Boston Club, tells a cool story that rather blemishes the Scituate record. Fred Keene shot 65 cents at Brant Rock, on Thursday week.

The Two Mile Brook, a branch of the North River in Marshfield, though a very small stream does an immense amount of service. Within the space of about half a mile there are four mills in active operation, that saw over one million feet of box board annually. This little brook never fails in its course. The brook is fed by a multitude of living springs, and yet one can easily step across the stream at almost any point.

PENBROKE.

Miss Eva K. Kenne who has taught the High Street and Central schools in Penbrooke for about six years, is at present teaching in Raynham.

NORTH MARSHFIELD.

Rev. Jacob Davis, former pastor of the first Baptist Church, Marshfield, has been settled at Rowe, Mass., for about 4 years. James A. Bates is at present located at Eustice, Orange Co., Fla.

Widow Hannah Tilden, who lives at Union Bridge was ninety years of age on the 6th of April last. She is still in comparatively vigorous health. Mrs. Ruth Rogers is another of our old ladies who turned her ninety-second birthday on the 18th of September.

Mr. M. Ramsdell of North Marshfield has had charge of putting out work for the great Boston tailoring house of A. Shuman & Co., for 4 years, and for Rothwell and Martin six years. About eighty yards are now employed by Mr. R. on this kind of work so that he is kept pretty busy through Marshfield and the neighboring towns.

Col. H. A. Oakman the present owner of the old Israel Hatch saw mill, is making important improvements there. He is having a new flume put in, and is to have a new turbine water wheel, and the most approved machinery for sawing and planing box boards.

A building committee have been appointed to perfect arrangements and procure plans for the erection of a parsonage house for the Pastor of the second Baptist Church in the Two Mile district. It is claimed that John A. Harlow has the best strawberry bog in Marshfield. Rev. Sam'l Bell of Great Falls, N. H., has taken great interest for several years past in his strawberry bog in this town. He has recently marketed ten barrels of first quality berries.

John Hatch has one of the finest farms in Marshfield, a large 112 acres, beautifully located on the North river. This is especially rich, stony soil, and the farm buildings are in perfect trim. Mr. Hatch wintered at sea, and also had \$2000 worth of hay. He gives a good deal of attention to the dairy business, which will be a great convenience to Jersey stock. He has two grand daughters of Jersey Belle of Scituate, who was the wife of Deborah Turner, the widow of Mr. Johnson Turner (the oldest person in Hanover, died on Oct. 15th, lacking but a few days of 92 years. She retained her faculties in a very remarkable degree, and was an extraordinary woman. Her departure leaves a void in the community.

A large company attended her funeral services on the 18th, during which an appropriate and merited tribute was paid to her worth by the Rev. Dr. Brooks, of St. Andrews' Church, of which she had been a congenital forty years.

The Pilgrim Conference met with the Second Congregational Church, Hanover, and Webster, Oct. 17th and 18th. The exercises were of a high order. On Tuesday a very fine sermon was preached by Rev. B. L. Merriam of Kingston. After which discussion, subject "Christian Stewardship" followed. After an address by Rev. C. L. Woodward subject, "Benevolent Societies" the company dispersed to partake of the bountiful collation provided by the ladies of the Second Church. The evening found a large number assembled in the church to enjoy a praise meeting, led by Rev. C. L. Merriam. Rev. Joseph B. Clark of Boston showed the need of more funds and helpers in the great work of Home Missions and Rev. F. E. Strong spoke in behalf of the still greater work in Foreign Lands. On Wednesday, "Vital Piety" was discussed by Rev. C. F. Goldsmith, Rev. J. W. Wells, Rev. T. R. Robie. In the afternoon H. B. Jones presided a good service after which the large company celebrated the Lord's Supper. The company then broke up trusting to meet again in six months at East Marshfield.

EAST MARSHFIELD.

Three barges have been built this season at the wheelwright shop of Fred Damon; the iron work being done at the blacksmith shop of Judson Ewell.

Mr. Donaldson has fit his boat up and is sinking it in rock on N. M. Leavitt's farm 4 months ago, is still a great sufferer, and is recovering very slowly.

Mr. Alfred Holmes moved into his new house about weeks ago; it is erected on the site of the old one and is very prettily arranged.

Mr. J. L. Damon has fitted up a cosy little room in his stable for a repository for his fancy cake crackers, etc.

We would call attention to the advertisement of Judson Ewell in another column, whose reputation as a first class workman is well known to all and year. In connection with his blacksmithing he clips horses in fine style.

SEA VIEW.

The breakwater and promenade of the Humarock Beach is being extended northward.

Part of the afternoon of Wednesday Oct. 11, was devoted at the Sea View school to the study of the life and character of Daniel Webster, one of our greatest orators. Extracts from the speeches and anecdotes of this illustrious statesman. Such exercises serve to develop in the minds of the young that respect and reverence for the Union and its eminent men which is the foundation of true patriotism.

While excavating on Elm street lately Mr. Geo. Gay found a watch embedded under a large rock. It has been suggested that it must have been lost before the Glacial Period, and the boulder may be a fragment of that time. It is believed, however, that one of Mr. Gay's fellow workmen A Little about how it came there.

A little four-year-old of Marshfield while enjoying a dinner of beefsteak and dumplings the other day suddenly asked, "Where do dumplings grow mamma, I've looked all through the garden and can't find any?"

Mr. Allen Little contemplates going west soon.

Gov. Emery, who came on here from the west some two years ago and bought the old Phillips farm of 500 acres, has made great improvements upon it. One of the best is an addition of fifty feet to his barn, making it 90x44.

Ronald Brown, their main factory, have all the time been in furnishing one party with visiting boxes. They employ about eight men. We are glad to see them so busy and hope it will continue so that their business may call others to this pleasant place.

CURCH HILL.

Mr. Frank Howard lies very low. The tuck factory is running full time, there is plenty of water.

Mr. Charles Gardner has had a new fence built in front of his new house.

Speaking of your good looking butcher carts, we claim to have about as good a one as goes over the road.

Mrs. Roswell Curtis is very sick, help is very hard to get, so Mr. Bell of Great Falls, N. H., has taken great interest for several years past in his strawberry bog in this town. He has recently marketed ten barrels of first quality berries.

The Reform Club of North Haven held there Anniversary at the Baptist Church, Monday evening Oct. 23rd.

The Spaulding Bellingers have an entertainment in Hanover Town Hall

last Monday evening. The Hall was well filled. The large Grace Greenwood took a seat in the hall.

Mrs. Deborah Turner (the widow of Mr. Johnson Turner) the oldest person in Hanover, died on Oct. 15th, lacking but a few days of 92 years. She retained her faculties in a very remarkable degree, and was an extraordinary woman. Her departure leaves a void in the community.

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